DELCOURT

3

SOLEIL

THE CENTRON FILES

ANDREVON /// KHALED

THE CENTRON FILES
The Weasel Bares Its Teeth

Script
Jean-Pierre ANDREVON
Art and Colors
Afif KHALED

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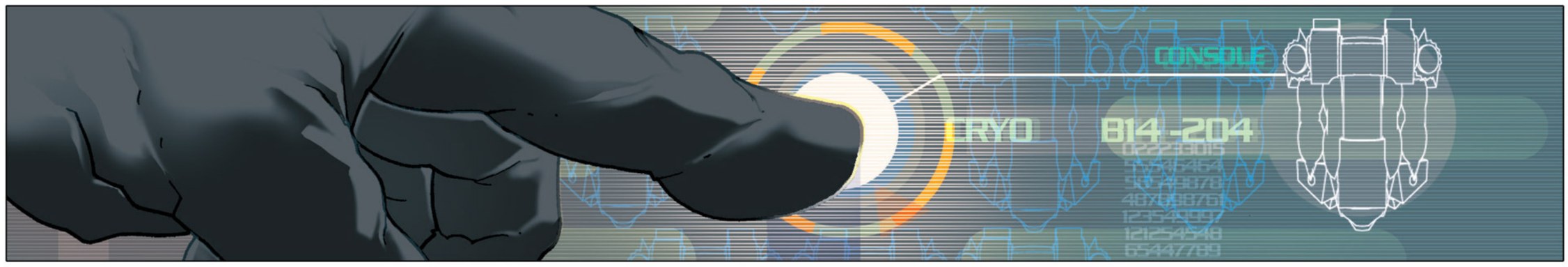
DEPARTMENT
OF
HEALTH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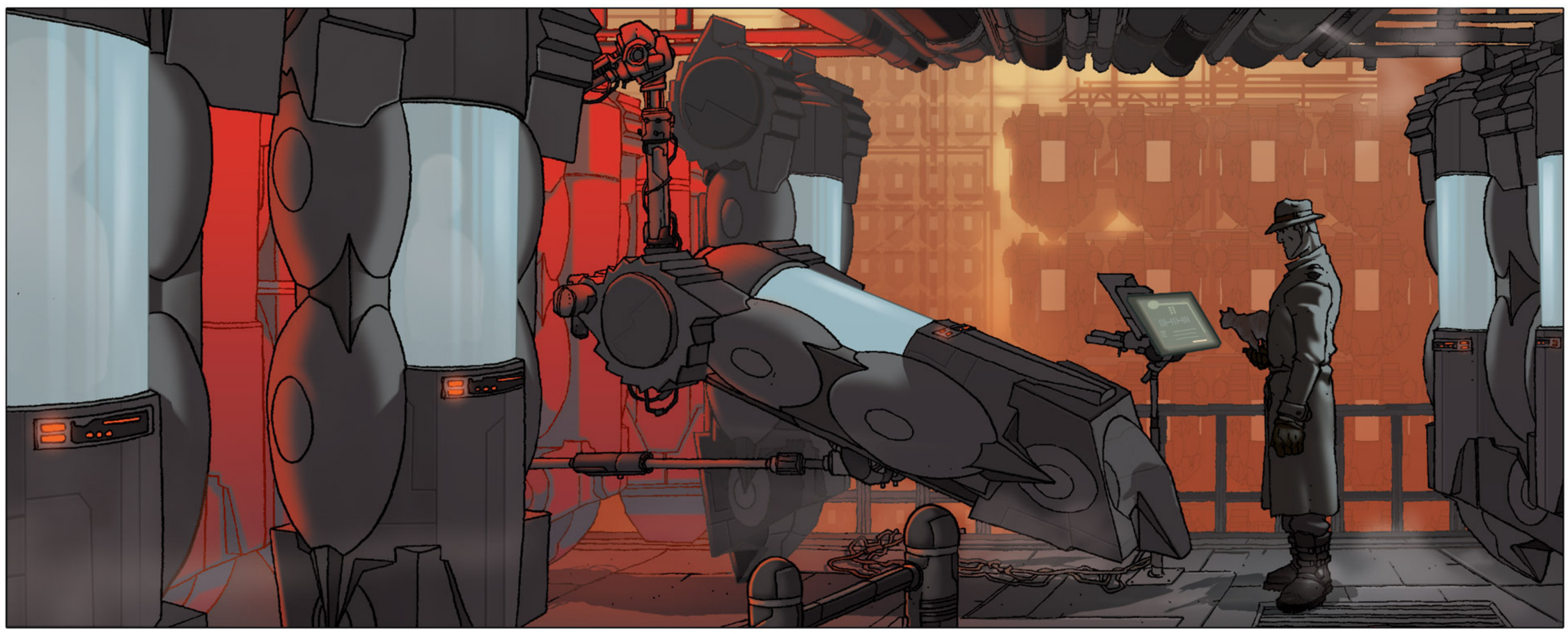
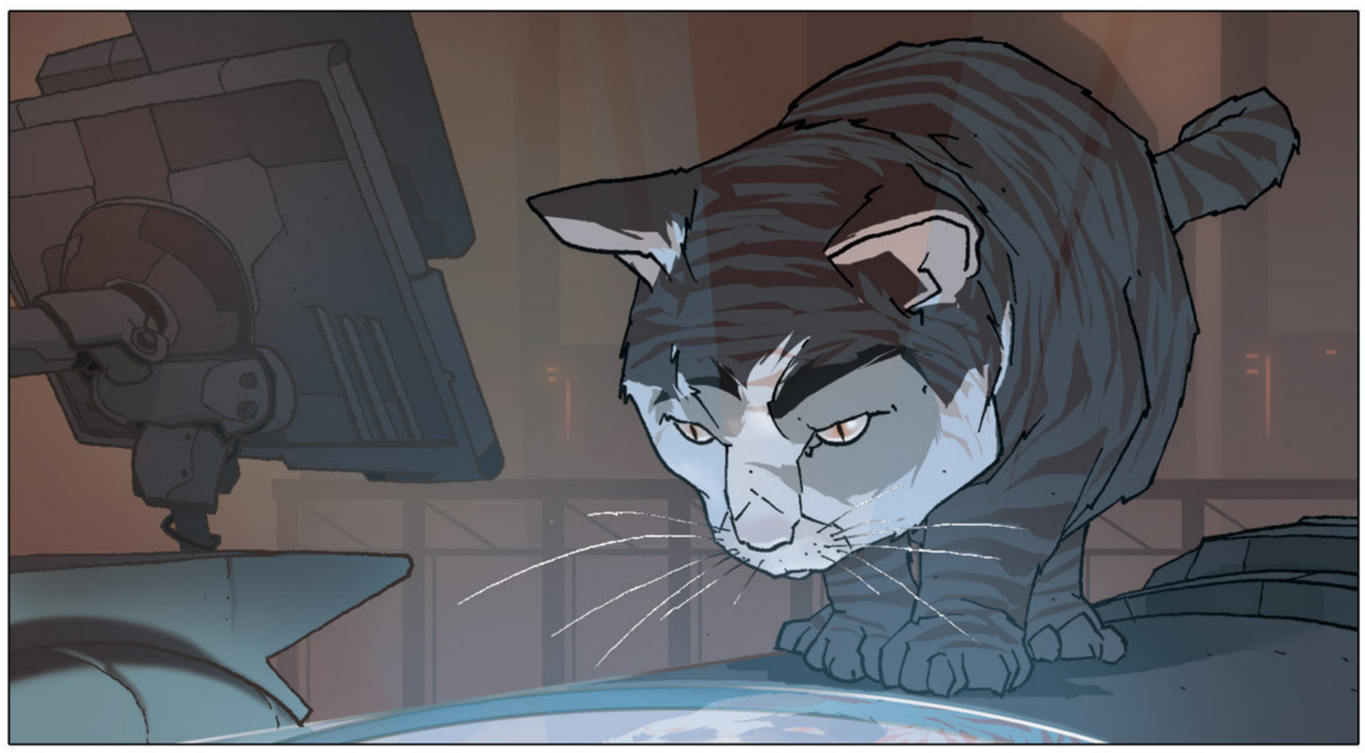
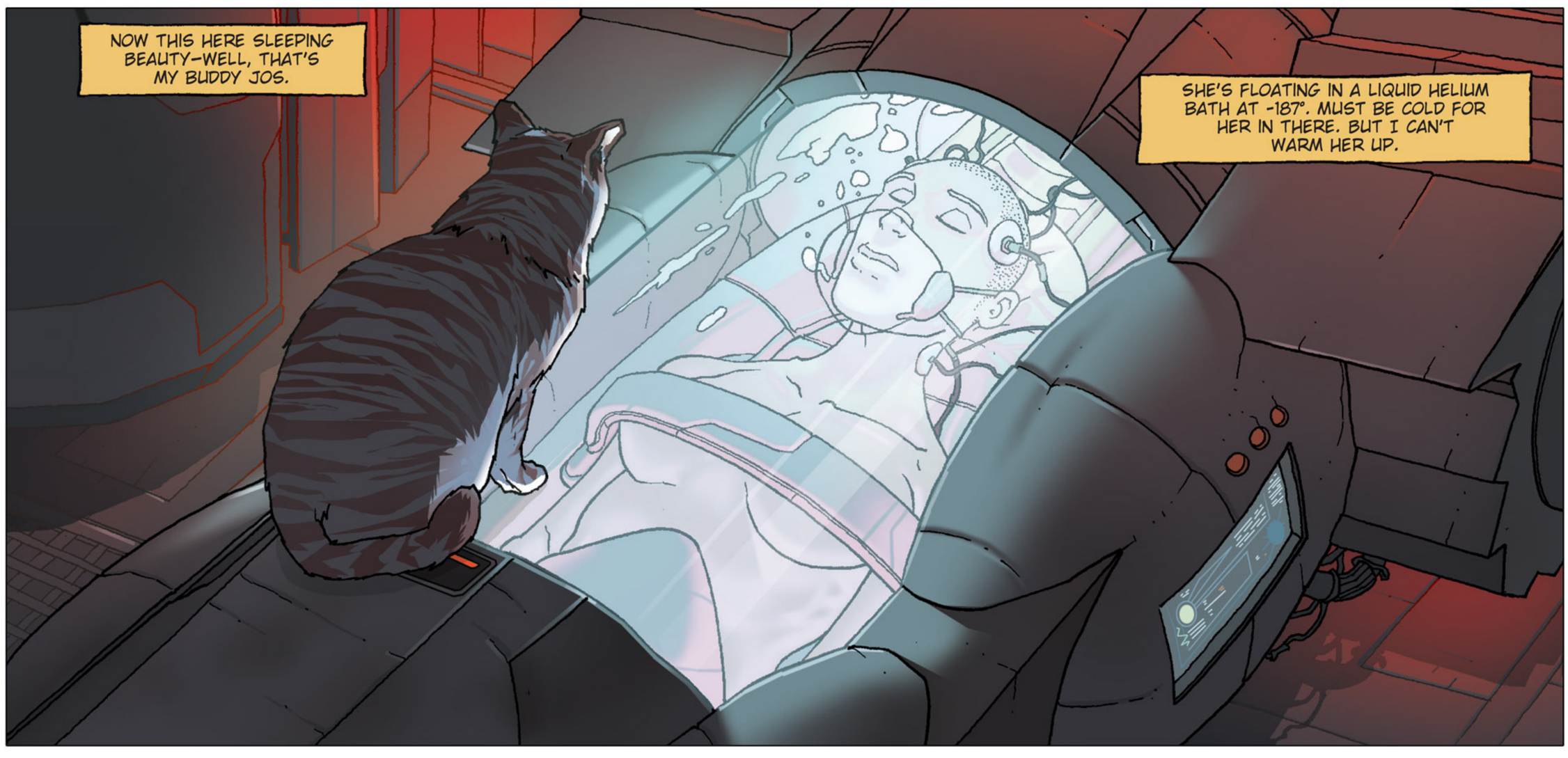





NOW THIS HERE SLEEPING BEAUTY—WELL, THAT'S MY BUDDY JOS.
SHE'S FLOATING IN A LIQUID HELIUM BATH AT -187°. MUST BE COLD FOR HER IN THERE. BUT I CAN'T WARM HER UP.

I COME SEE HER EVERY WEEK.

TALK TO HER.

SHE CAN'T HEAR ME.

BUT I STILL ***TALK.***

HAVEN'T STOPPED TALKING TO HER SINCE SOMEONE IN MY DEPARTMENT SHOT HER WITH THAT ***NEUROTOXIN DART.*** ANOTHER WEASEL, PAID WITH HER LIFE. (1)

JOS' ***NUMBER*** CAME UP. SHE HAD TO BE REGULATED, LIKE THOUSANDS OF CITIZENS IN CENTRON EVERY DAY.

I COULDN'T LIVE WITH THAT. BUT I GOT THERE TOO LATE.

STILL, SHE WASN'T HIT WITH A BULLET. GUESS YOU COULD SAY I LUCKED OUT. SHE'S NOT DEAD... NOT ENTIRELY.

SO I DID THE ONLY THING I COULD - CALLED ***CRYOFREEZE.***

ALL I HAD TO DO AFTER THAT WAS PING HER PAL ACCRASSIAH. TELL HER I'D TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING. AND ASK HER TO FEED MY CAT.

JOS WENT INTO COLD SLEEP. SO THE TOXINS WOULD BE STOPPED BEFORE REACHING HER BRAIN.

THAT'S ONE POSSIBILITY, ANYWAY. THE ONLY HOPE I HAVE LEFT, FEEBLE AS IT IS.

SLEEP NOW, MY DOVE. A YEAR, A CENTURY... UNTIL THEY FIND A CURE FOR THAT CRAP IN YOUR BLOODSTREAM.

MEANWHILE, I SEEM TO HAVE STUCK MY NOSE RIGHT SMACK WHERE IT DIDN'T BELONG...

LIKE I WAS SAYING: HERE COMES THE ***CAVALRY.***

(1) SEE VOLUME 2: *THE WEASEL AND THE DOVE.*

DOIN' ALL RIGHT, PAL?

SEE HOW NICE WE'RE BEING?

WE CAME TO GIVE YOU A LIFT.

WE GOT SOME CATCHING UP TO DO.

HOW'S THAT SOUND?

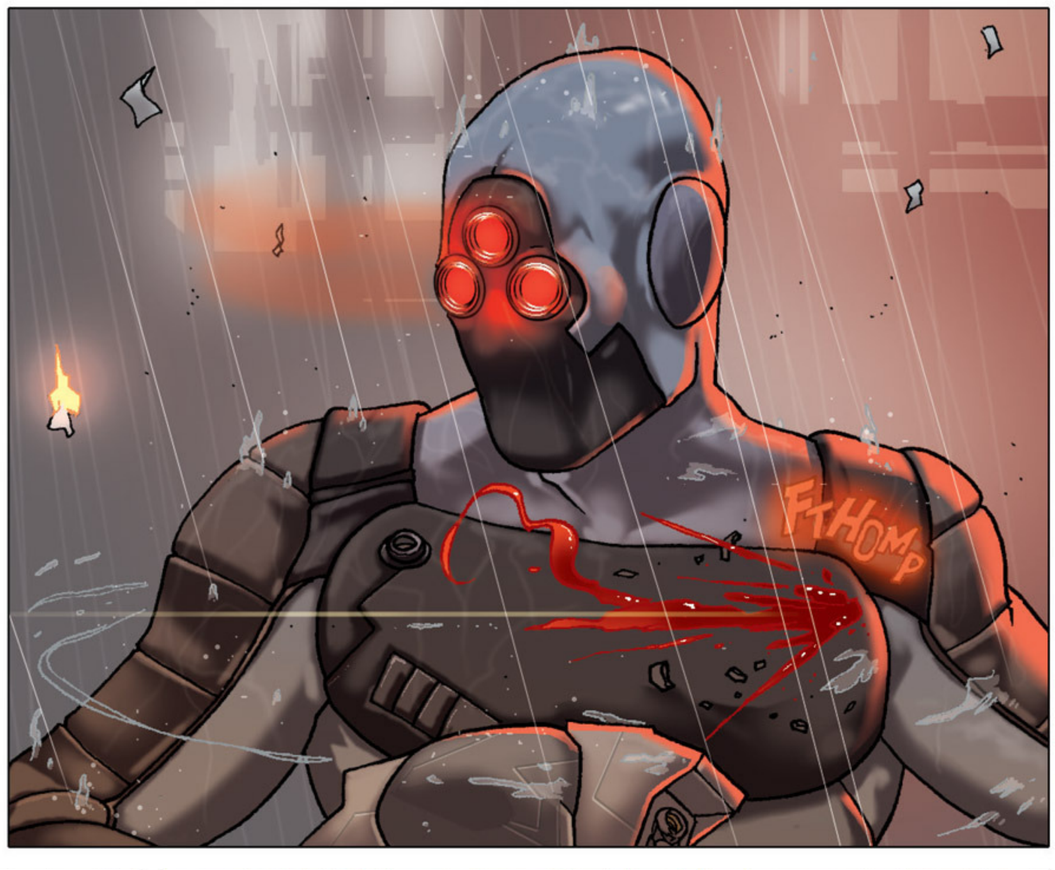
AGENT 129305749588?

IN THE NAME OF THE DEPARTMENT OF CITIZENRY...

I MUST ASK YOU TO COME WITH US. PLEASE DO NOT RESIST.

NO WAY IN HELL, OFFICER.

KA-LRAAK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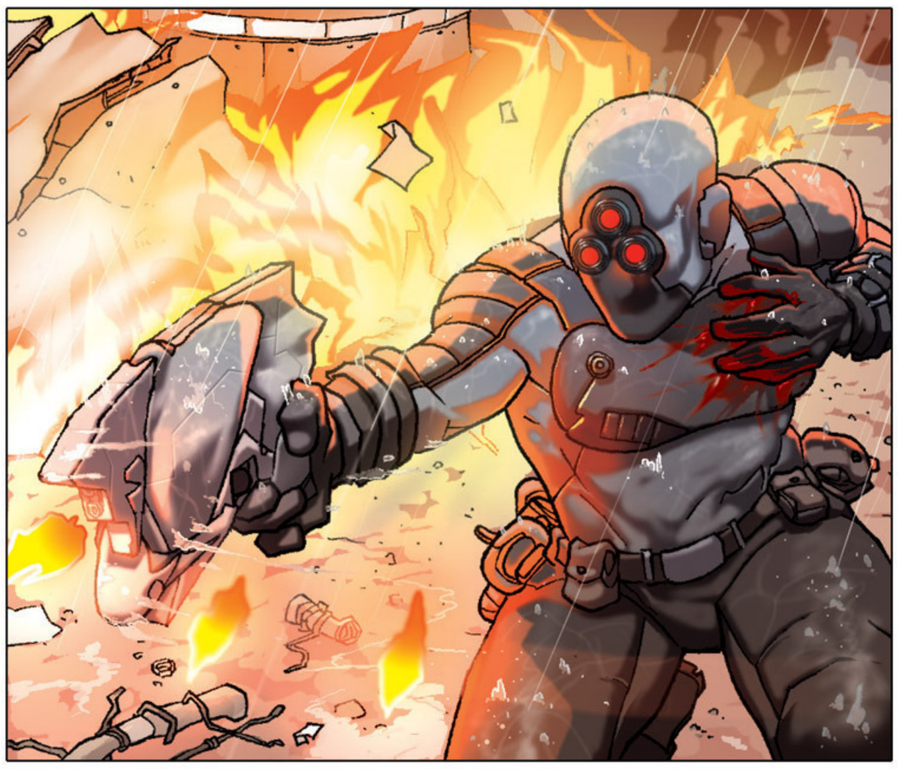
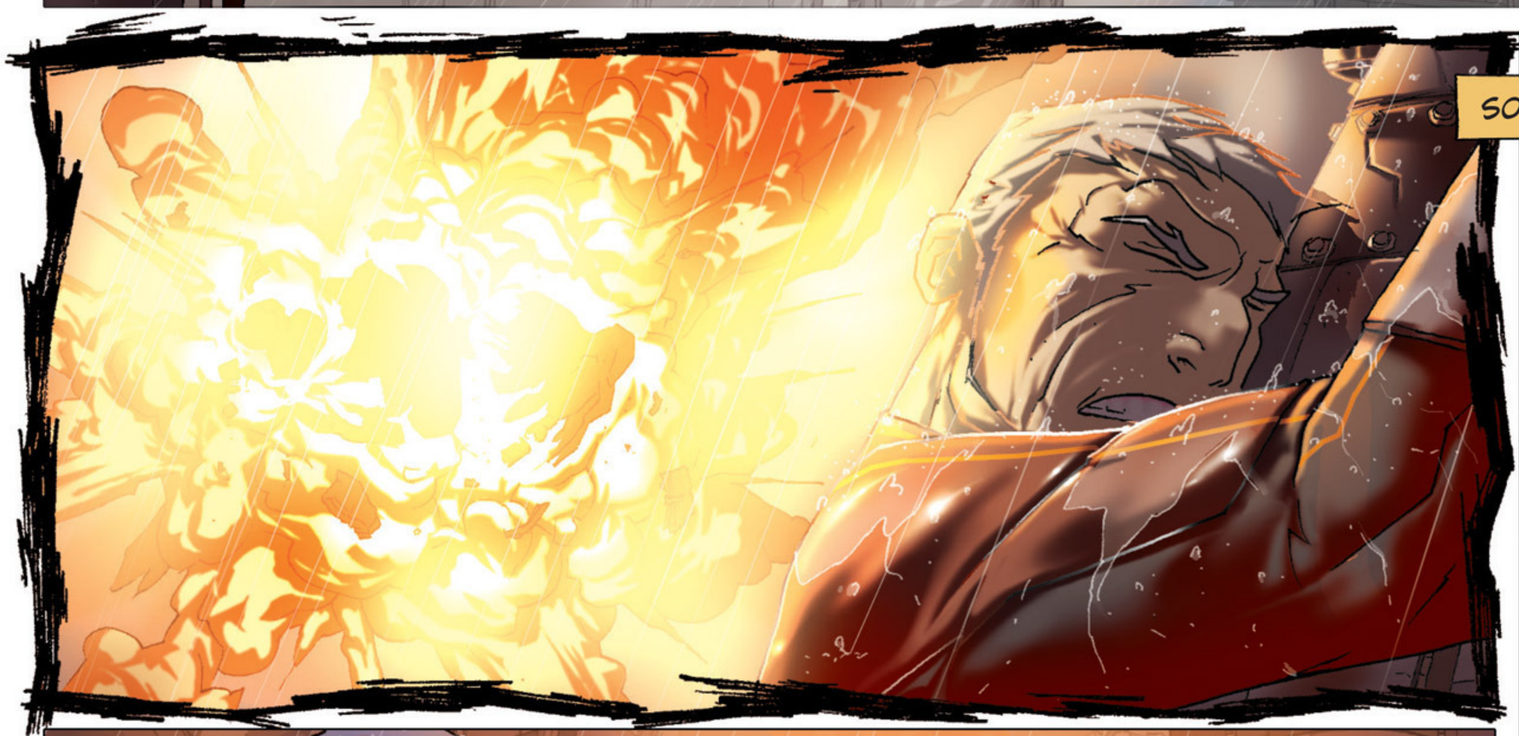




(1) SEE VOLUME 2: *THE WEASEL AND THE DOVE.*

NORTH STATION
NEXT TRAIN 58778
03:30
YOUNES....YAMINE....AMEL

THE BULLETS WERE WHISTLING BY A LITTLE TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT WHEN ***SUDDENLY...***

I GOT LUCKY.

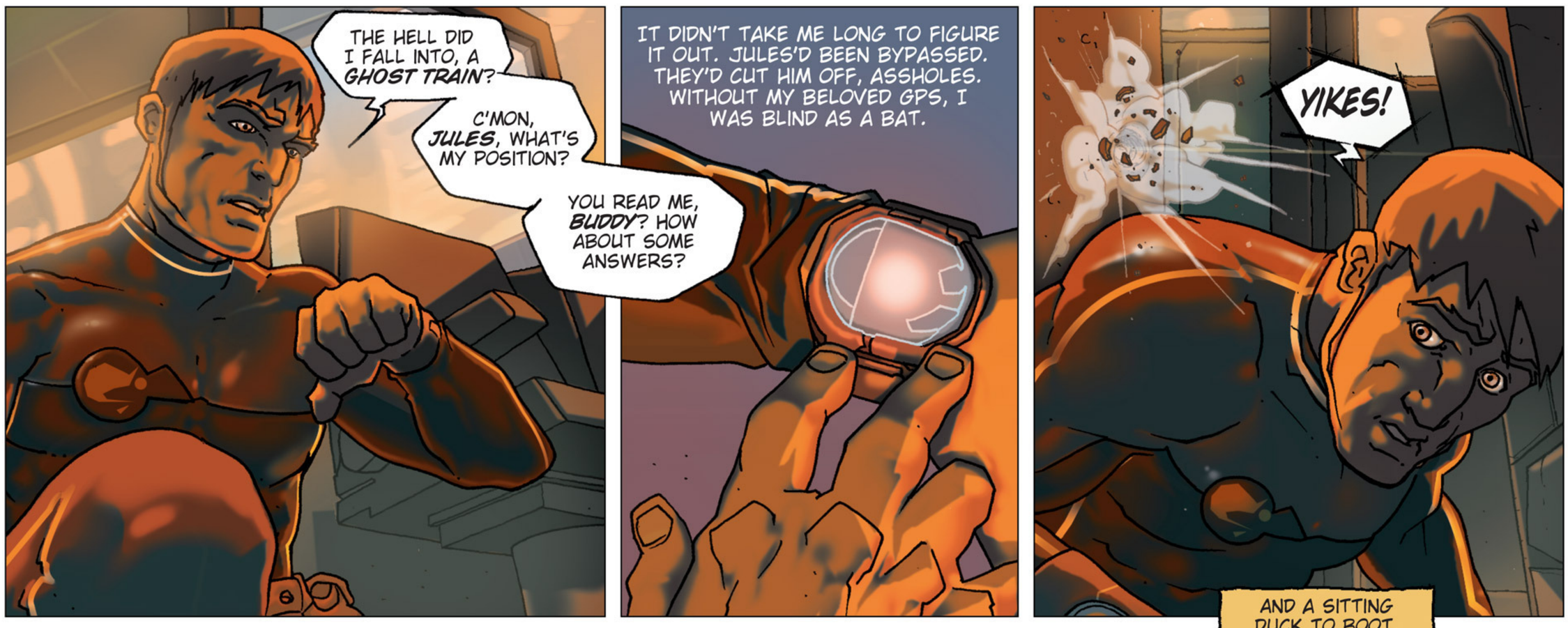
IT'S ***SLOWING DOWN.*** SHOULD I JUMP, ***JULES?***

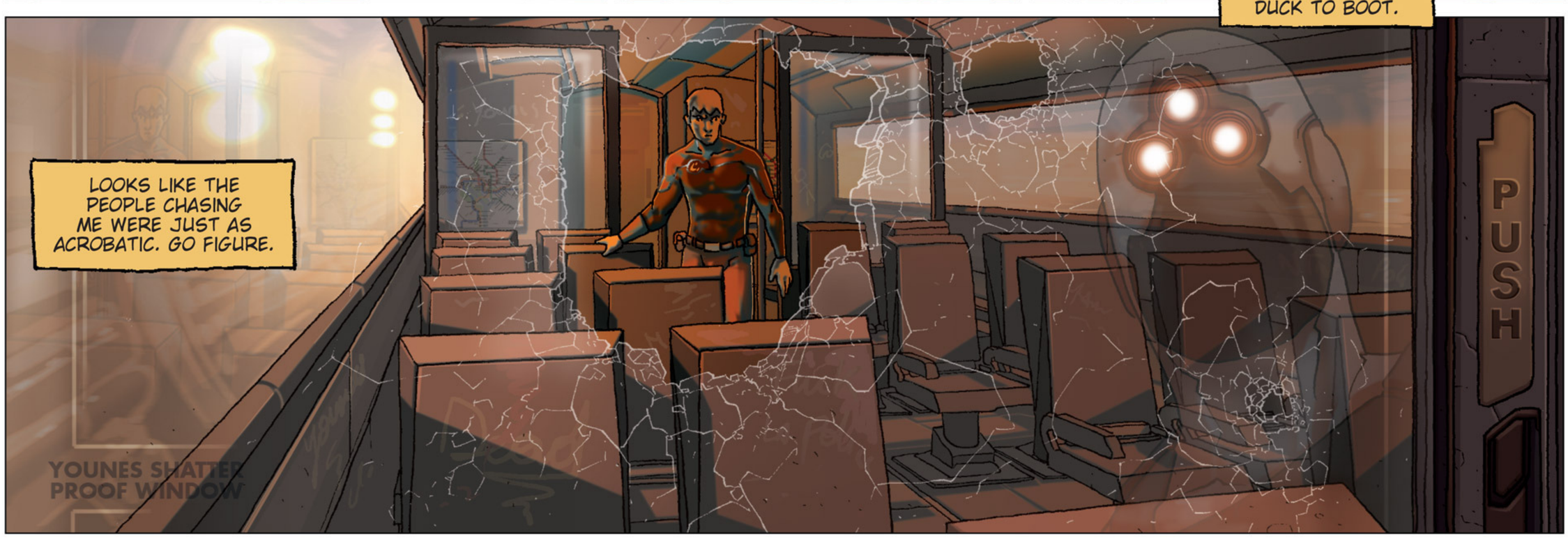
ZONE 32

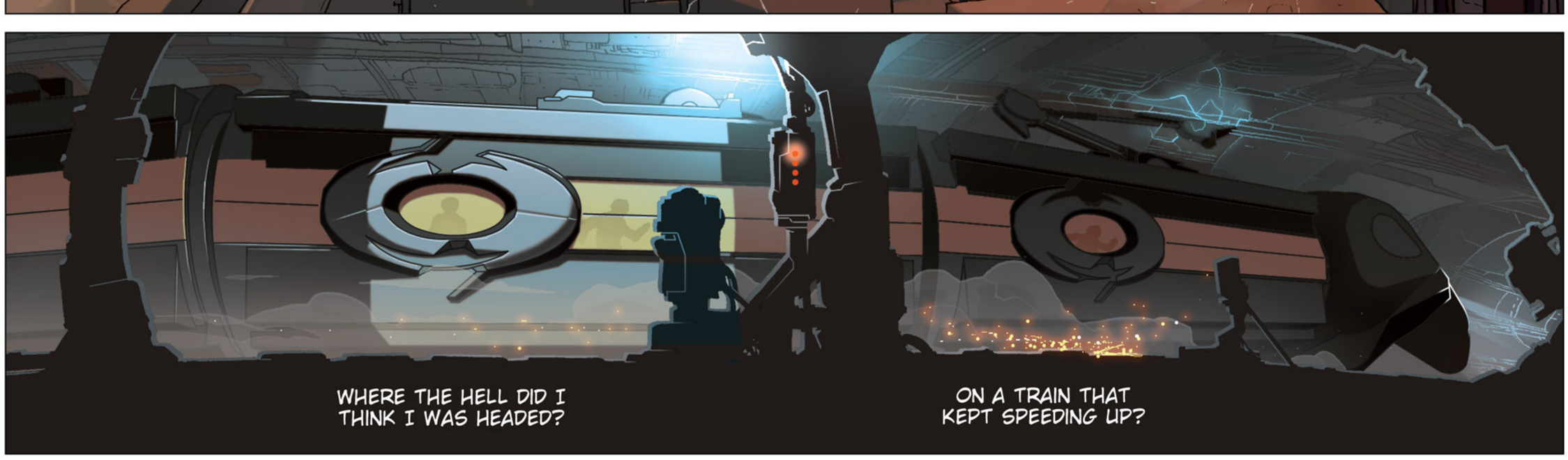
TRAIN YOUNE
LEAVING 03:15

CRASS

YOUNES
YOUNES SHATTERS BRISE


THE HELL DID I FALL INTO, A GHOST TRAIN?
C'MON, JULES, WHAT'S MY POSITION?
YOU READ ME, BUDDY? HOW ABOUT SOME ANSWERS?
IT DIDN'T TAKE ME LONG TO FIGURE IT OUT. JULES'D BEEN BYPASSED. THEY'D CUT HIM OFF, ASSHOLES. WITHOUT MY BELOVED GPS, I WAS BLIND AS A BAT.
YIKES!
AND A SITTING DUCK TO BOOT.


LOOKS LIKE THE PEOPLE CHASING ME WERE JUST AS ACROBATIC. GO FIGURE.
YOUNES SHATTERS PROOF WINDOW
PUSH


WHERE THE HELL DID I THINK I WAS HEADED?
ON A TRAIN THAT KEPT SPEEDING UP?

I'M SO SCREWED! BUT JUST MAYBE–

PRIVATE

YES!

GOTTA STOP THIS THING!

AGENT 129305749588?

IN THE NAME OF THE DEPARTMENT OF CITIZENRY...

I MUST ASK YOU...

STOP

YEAH, YEAH, HEARD IT ALL BEFORE, PAL.

GET OFF!

AAAAAAA

SORRY.

REALLY NOT, THOUGH.

LAST STOP ALREADY?

WHAT KIND OF SHITHEAP...

DID I STICK MY FOOT IN THIS TIME?

LOOKS PRETTY EMPTY, AT LEAST.

OK, HERE COME THE PIT BULLS. PRETTY SINGLE-MINDED. REAL PROS, THOUGH- GOTTA HAND IT TO THEM.

GOOD IDEA, FELLAS. HEAD WEST. JUST KEEP ON HEADING WEST...

SECTEUR 124

I'LL DO SOME POKING AROUND OF MY OWN, IF YOU DON'T MIND.

HEY!

KRAAK

AND WHILE YOU'RE OUT FOR YOUR STROLL...

OW!

WHAT THE HELL'S THAT?

STRONZO! LAST THING I NEEDED RIGHT NOW...

GET OFF ME, YA FILTHY ANIMALS!

YA HEAR ME? GET OFF!

I... HAVE TO-

GOT IT!

BUT IT WAS CLOSE.

CLOSE INDEED. BUT NOT FOR EVERYONE, I'LL BET.

I JUST KNEW THAT FAT-ASS ***GOURI*** WAS IN ON IT.

HIS RED-EYED REMORAS HAVE BEEN HOT ON MY HEELS FOR A FEW DAYS NOW...

GOING ON THE LAM WAS HARDLY ORIGINAL, BUT HEY.

REMINDED ME OF A STORY I'D READ, IN ANOTHER LIFE.

OF THE HORATII AND THE CURIATII.

THIS GREEK HOPLITE KNOWS HE CAN'T TAKE OUT HIS THREE ENEMIES AT ONCE, SO HE PRETENDS TO FLEE AND PICKS THEM OFF ONE AT A TIME.

ONLY THING IS, I'M NOT PRETENDING.

AGENT 129305749588?

IN THE NAME OF THE ***DEPARTMENT OF CITIZENRY...***

I MUST ASK YOU TO COME WITH US. PLEASE DO NOT RESIST.

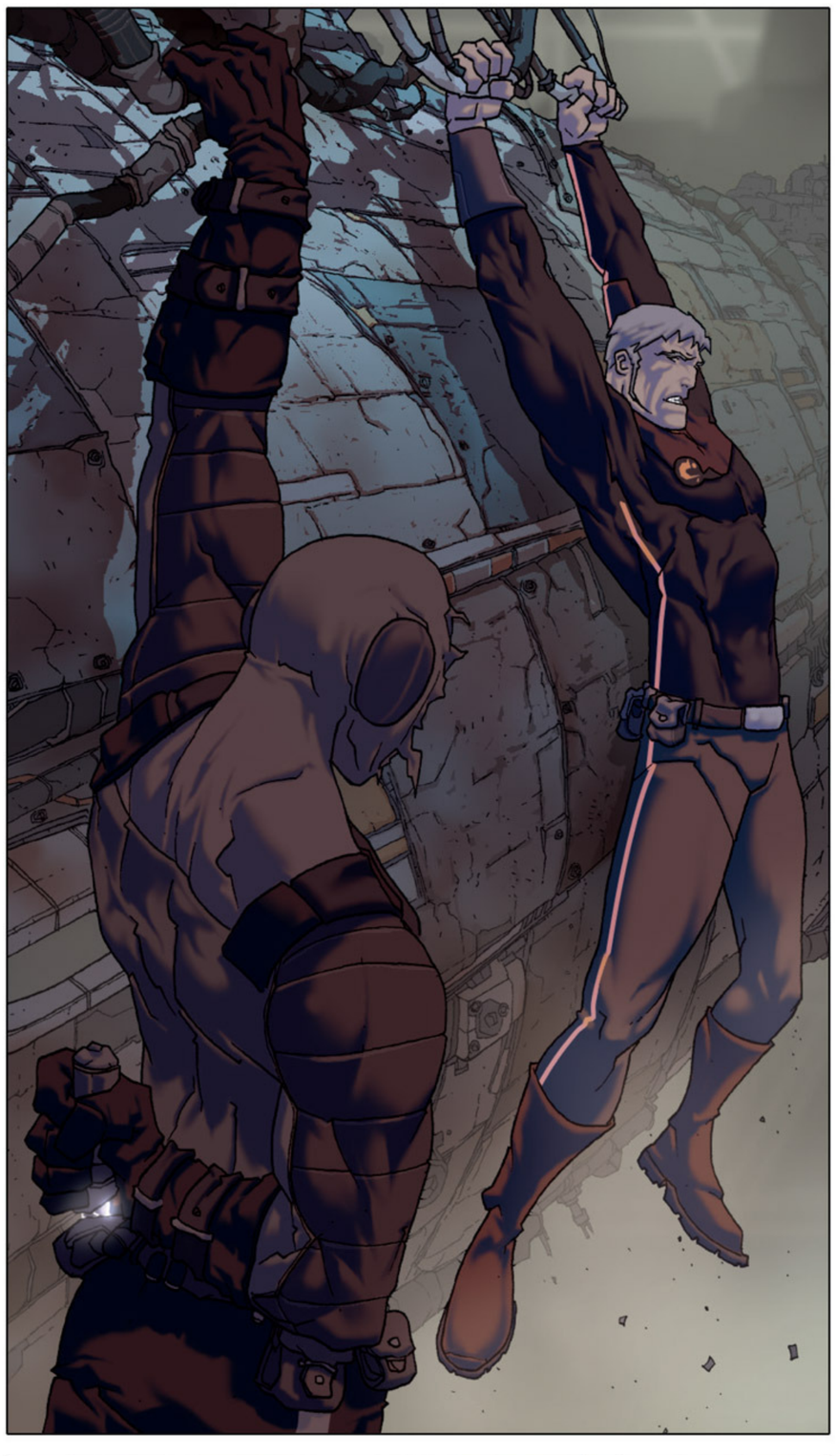
THERE AN ECHO AROUND HERE, OR HAVE I HEARD THIS BEFORE? IF TALK'S WHAT YOU WANT...

START BY DROPPING YOUR GUN!

SO... WANNA PLAY TOUGH, EH?

(1) SEE VOLUME 2: *THE WEASEL AND THE DOVE.*

TOUGH.
HE SURE WAS.
FAST, TOO.
BUT LIKE THEY ALWAYS TELL ME...
I'M NOT SO BAD MYSELF.
FTCHHH



HAVEN'T YOU HAD ENOUGH?

OK–NO MORE MR. NICE GUY!

AW, C'MON!

NO MEANS...

NO!

GOT THAT THROUGH YOUR THICK SKULL?

SAY HI TO THE WIFE FOR ME.

SORRY, BUDDY. DIDN'T KNOW THEY WERE DOWN THERE.

NOW HERE'S CURIATIUS #2. CURIASER AND CURIASER, YOU MIGHT SAY...

BIG BOY'S BEEN SNIPING AT ME WITH A LASER RIFLE, PROBABLY AN ITT 345.

GUN OF CHOICE FOR SHOW-OFFS.

BATTERY DRAINS QUICK. TAKES 20 MINUTES TO RECHARGE AT A STATION.

KEEP IT UP, BUDDY. MUSIC TO MY EARS.

KEEPING THINGS CLASSICAL, I GET THE FEELING...

THIS IS WHERE THE SPARTANS MADE THEIR STAND.

BUT I GOT ONE MORE TRICK UP MY SLEEVE.

THAT FAT-ASS GOURI'S GOTTA CLOCK IN AT 6'8" OR SO. SO I'LL SET IT... THERE!

WHAT THE–?

ZZZORT!

EMPTY! CULO DE PUTA!

EH, I DON'T NEED A GUN TO TAKE YOU OUT, ASSHOLE!

YOU BITE THE HAND THAT FEEDS YOU, BETTER BE READY TO GET SLAPPED.

NICE LINE, BUDDY. YOU CRIB THAT FROM A MOVIE?

YOU'RE NOT SMART ENOUGH TO HAVE COME UP WITH IT YOURSELF. BUT I'M GAME. COME AT ME!

LET'S DO THIS MAN TO MAN.

WHAT'S THAT NOW? YOU THINK YOU'RE A MAN? GUESS YOU WEREN'T LISTENING LAST TIME. YOU'RE SMALL GAME. (1)

(1) SEE VOLUME 2: *THE WEASEL AND THE DOVE.*

WHAT–?!

VRRRRRT!

ASSHOLE ...

LIKE THAT... HURT!

WON'T HURT ANYMORE NOW.

PRETTY, RIGHT? MY LITTLE PIANO WIRE. HE SHOULD'VE REMEMBERED THAT NERVA CABLES ARE STANDARD ISSUE EQUIPMENT FOR US WEASELS.

QUADRIFILAR TETRACARBON. TAKES UP TO EIGHT TONS PRESSURE, SLICES RIGHT THROUGH HALF A FOOT OF STEEL.

YOU'RE A BIG GUY, BUT IT WAS STILL A BIT MUCH FOR YOU. KNOW WHAT, THOUGH?

FOR ONCE, I'M NOT EVEN SORRY.

GOAL!

SO WHERE'S MY THIRD CURIATIUS? HE GIVE UP? I FIND THAT HARD TO BELIEVE...

WHETHER I BELIEVE IT OR NOT DOESN'T MATTER.

ONLY ONE THING TO DO - KEEP MOVING.

KEEP THINKING ABOUT JOS, WAITING UP THERE FOR ME.

BUT WHERE TO NEXT?

ONLY THE DEVIL COULD'VE SAID. IF HE WAS EVEN REAL.

TRUE, SOMETIMES I DID FIND MYSELF BELIEVING.

WANDERING AROUND THIS DAMP HELLHOLE, I RAN INTO CREATURES I'D CROSSED PATHS WITH BEFORE...

AND SOME I NEVER EVER WANTED TO GET TO KNOW.

AND SOME, WELL...

THEY JUST REALLY NEEDED A HUG.

BUT I WASN'T IN THE MOOD.

OH, NO WAY...

YES WAY. AND FOR THE FIRST TIME, I WAS STARTING TO THINK MY NUMBER WAS UP.

THEN, JUST LIKE IN SOME FAIRY TALE...

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL SHOWED UP.

C'MON, GET UP.

WHEN I WAS A KID IN SUNDAY SCHOOL, THEY SAID HEAVEN WAS BATHED IN BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT.

FOR A MINUTE THERE, I THOUGHT I'D GONE STRAIGHT TO HEAVEN.

BUT I WAS STILL DOWN IN THE OUTER RINGS OF HELL. AND I KNEW RIGHT AWAY WHO MY SAVIORS WERE.

YOU'RE GONNA TELL US WHO YOU ARE AND WHAT YOU'RE DOING HERE.

THE *RATS*. THOSE REBELS HIDING OUT IN ABANDONED TUNNELS. NOT SO BAD, ALL THINGS CONSIDERED.

MY NAME'S NOT IMPORTANT. BUT I'VE GOT PROBLEMS WITH CYBERCOPS AND WEASELS. I TOOK OUT A FEW, BUT I KNOW THERE ARE OTHERS ON MY TUCHAS.

SO AM I EVER GLAD TO SEE YOU. I KNOW WHO YOU ARE. IN FACT, THE GUY WHO STARTED ME DOWN THIS PATH WAS NAMED...

STERANKO.

THAT WAS THE MAGIC WORD, OF COURSE. I DIDN'T TELL MY NEW RAT FRIENDS THAT THE AFOREMENTIONED STERANKO WAS DEAD. AND I WAS THE ONE WHO MADE IT HAPPEN. (1)

IF YOU'VE MADE YOUR CHOICE, THEN YOU CAN STAY WITH US. ONE MORE FOR OUR SIDE...

I TOLD THE HEAD RAT THAT RIGHT NOW I HAD MORE IMPORTANT MATTERS TO SETTLE ON THE SURFACE. BUT FOR THAT, I'D NEED MY CHIP TAKEN OUT–THAT DAMNED THING MADE ME AS EASY TO SPOT AS A HEADLIGHT IN A TUNNEL.

AND STERANKO HAD TOLD ME THEY COULD DO THAT.

THE RAT TOLD ME THE OPERATION WAS LONG AND TRICKY, WITH NO GUARANTEE OF SUCCESS.

BUT IF I WANTED, HIS CYBERDOCTORS COULD PUT MY CHIP TO "SLEEP" WITH A VERY POWERFUL NEUROMAGENTIC PULSE.

IT'D KNOCK ME OUT ON THE SPOT, AND AFTER THAT, I'D BE INVISIBLE FOR 24 HOURS, MAX.

(1) SEE VOLUME 1: *WEASEL IN THE HENHOUSE*

I SAID YES, OF COURSE. 24 HOURS WAS MORE THAN ENOUGH FOR WHAT I HAD IN MIND.

THE PULSE WASN'T EVEN THAT BAD A SHOCK. LET'S JUST SAY I'VE HAD WORSE.

AFTER THAT, THEY DRAGGED ME TO THE EXIT.

LATER, RATS! SO LONG FOR NOW... OR FOREVER.

ROSE GARDEN TOWERS

AND THERE I WAS, RIGHT BACK WHERE I STARTED FROM. NOW I COULD GET DOWN TO THE SERIOUS STUFF.

FIRST ORDER OF BUSINESS, GET THE RIGHT EQUIPMENT FOR THE JOB.
IT'D BEEN A BIT TOO LONG SINCE I WAS NAKED AS A JAY. BABIES DON'T COME OUT OF TEST TUBES ANY NAKEDER.
I HAD ONE ADVANTAGE. WITHOUT MY CHIP, THEY COULDN'T TRACK ME. AND ONE DISADVANTAGE, MY CONAPT WAS BEING WATCHED. BUT WITH ANY LUCK, A LITTLE BIRDIE WAS WAITING FOR ME.
YOU MIND, CITIZEN?
IT'S AN EMERGENCY.

ACCRASSIAH? IT'S ME.

SORRY I TOOK SO LONG TO GET BACK TO YOU. HAD SOME ISSUES.

THAT'S KINDA WHY I HAVE A LITTLE FAVOR TO ASK YOU.

ACCRASSIAH HAD THE CODE TO MY CONAPT. ALL SHE HAD TO DO WAS GRAB EVERYTHING ON MY LIST.

HEY, YOU! BEAT IT! YOUR HALF-HOUR OF CUDDLES IS UP! DIDN'T YOU HEAR THE BUZZER?

LOOK! IT'S HER!

HEY THERE, SOLDIER BOYS!

TELL ME I'M DREAMING, FILIPO!

YOU AIN'T, KASSAR. LOOK WHAT JUST SHOWED UP!

PINCH ME...

IT'S LIKE A RUNWAY! WHAT ARE WE, AT SOME KIND OF FASHION SHOW?

THANKS, ACCRA. SAVED MY BACON THERE.

GLAD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, MAN WITH NO NAME. I WAS AFRAID-

YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THAT.

Café Creed

SHLAK

BUT IT WAS CLOSE THERE FOR A WHILE.

FIFAN!

ZAARMA!

NOW, LADIES, A WORD OF ADVICE. BETTER BUCKLE UP AND HOLD ON, IT'S GONNA BE A BUMPY RIDE!

HEY, FELLAS...

WHAT'S HE WANT?

AW, NO WAY!

HERE'S HOPING...

PRIORITY CODE MPAAA 01! *IGNITION!*

YESSS! IT WORKED!

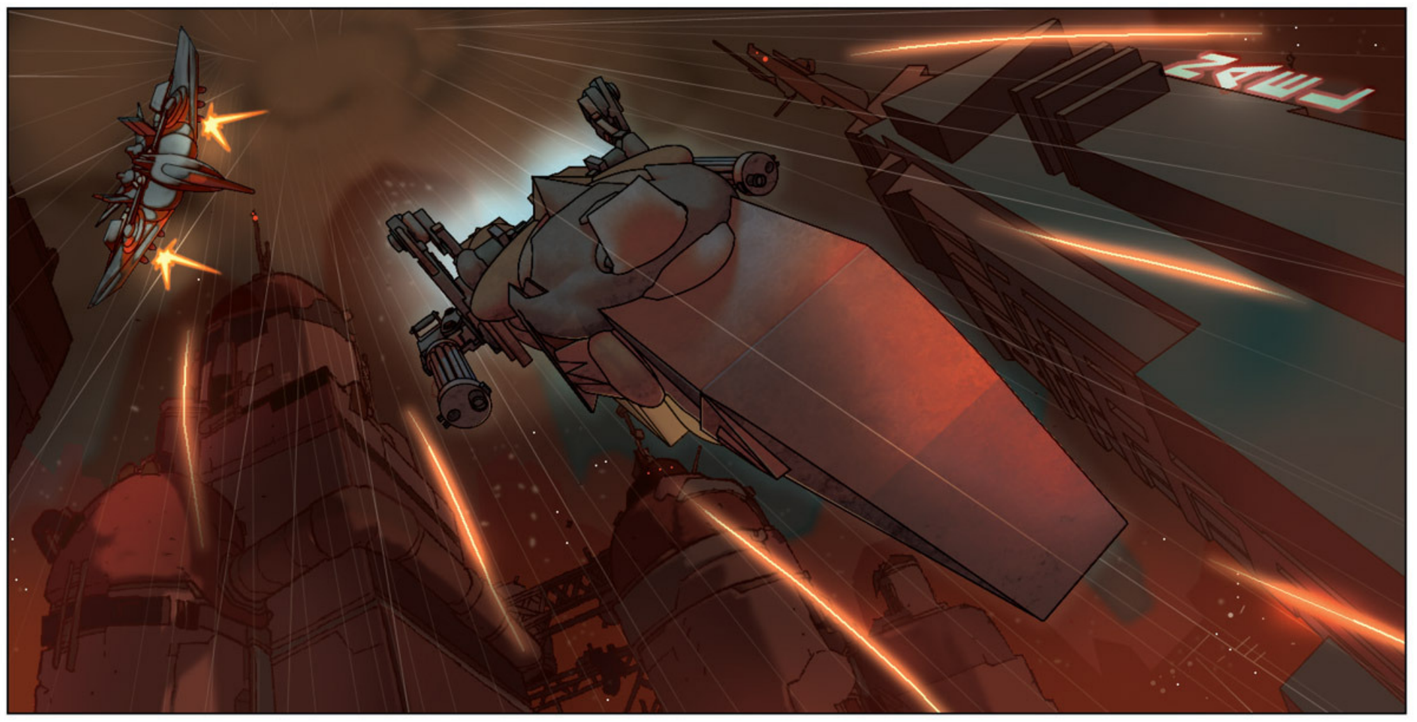
WHAT ARE THEY DOING DOWN THERE?

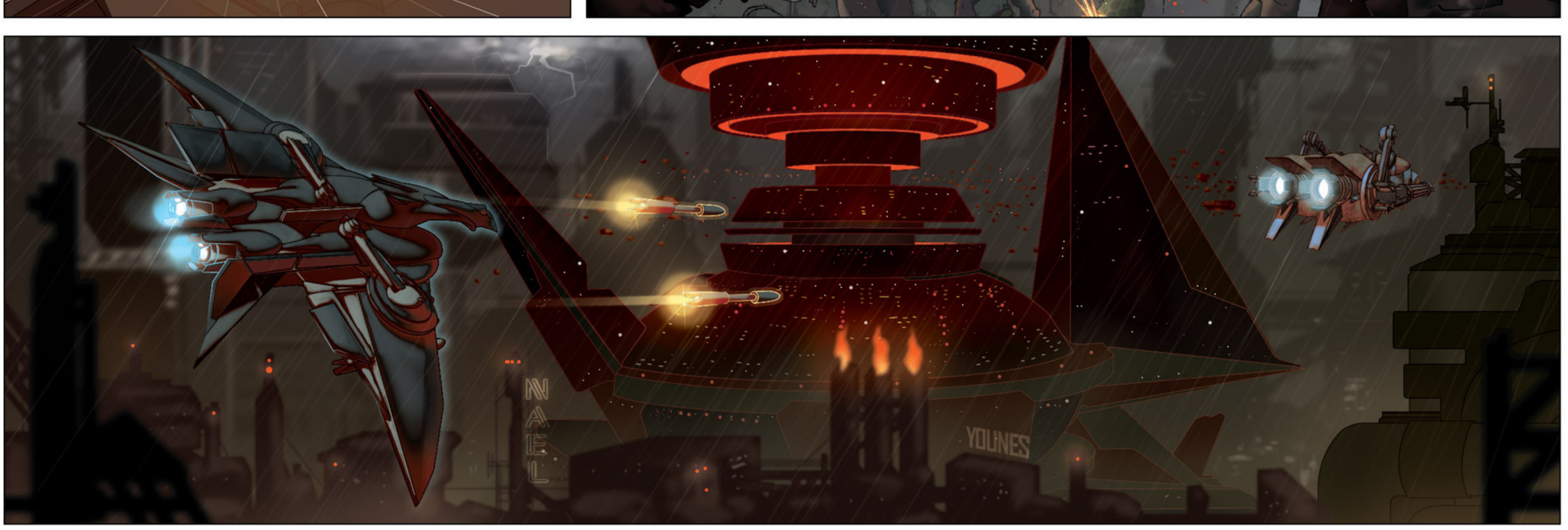
THINK THAT GUY'S OUR TARGET?

WHO CARES WHO IT IS? JUST WATCH WHAT I'M ABOUT TO DO TO HIM!

clic

WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?
THROW EVERYTHING AT HIM AND FINISH THIS!

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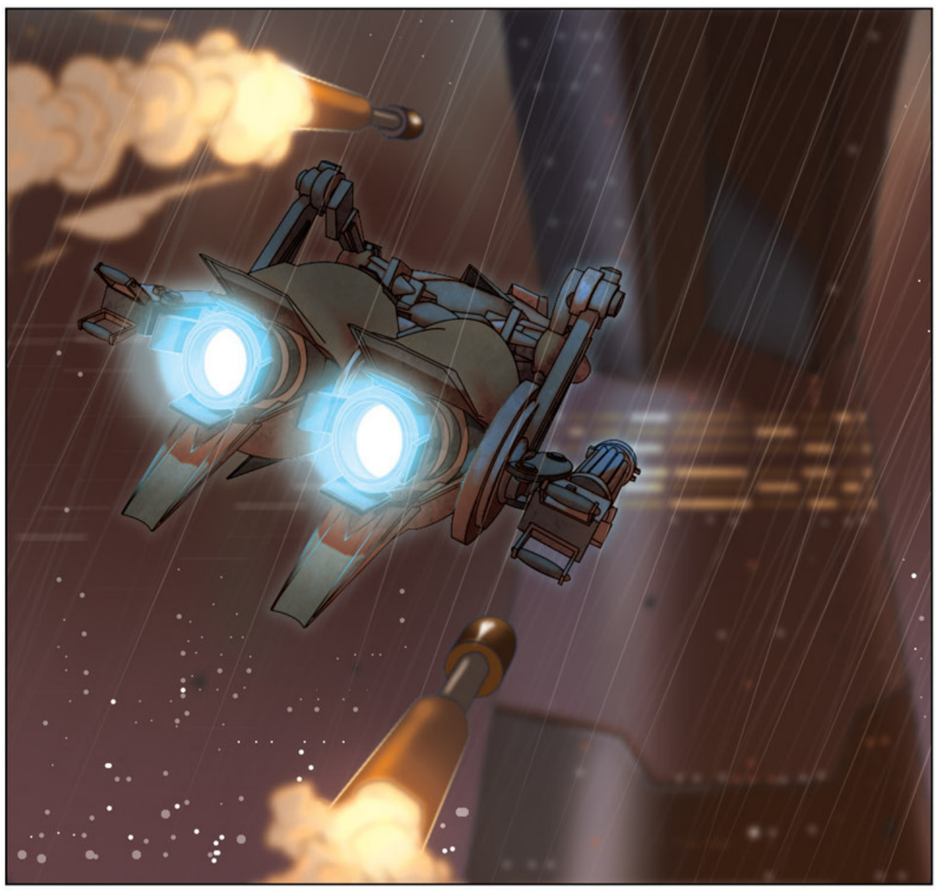
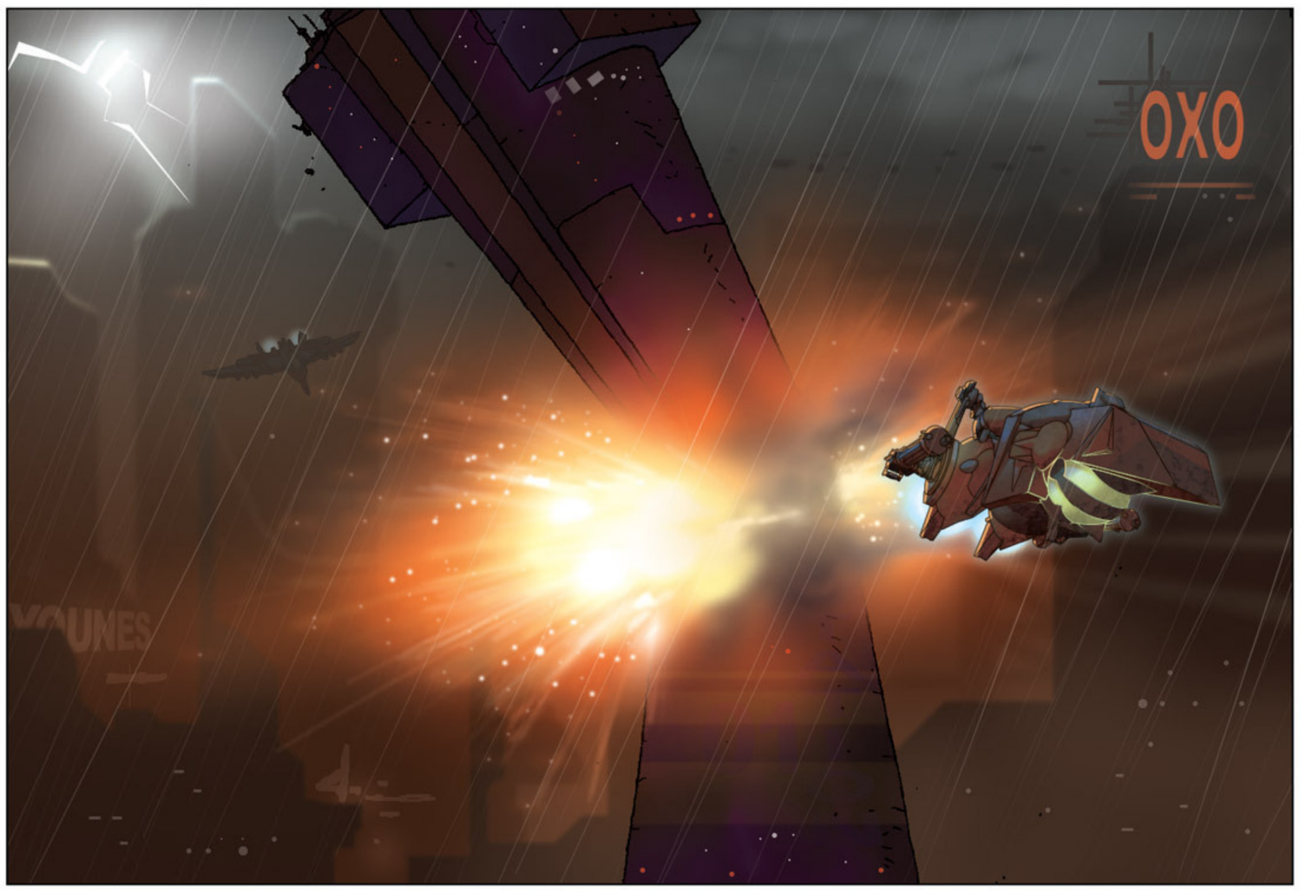
YOUNES

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YOUNES

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MAKE IT...

... OR BREAK IT.
klik
ON
CEN RON
YOUNES
NAEL

GUESS THEY PICKED BREAK IT.

AND NOW... OH, RIGHT. LOOKS LIKE MY BUDDIES BROUGHT ALONG A FEW FRIENDS.

POLICE SECTEUR A814

AGENT 129305749588? IN THE NAME OF THE DEPARTMENT OF CITIZENRY...

I MUST REQUEST YOU IMMEDIATELY LAND THE CRAFT YOU HAVE SEIZED WITHOUT AUTHORIZATION.

MAKE IT...

TARGET #129305749588 HAS DIRECTED THE STOLEN STRATOCRUISER INTO THE CAVALIERE BERLUSCONI HIGHWAY TUNNEL.

WE HAVE LOST A HWW 304. NO PURSUIT POSSIBLE.

HIGHWAY 14

ACCIDENT LANE 155 -- ACCIDENT LANE 1

LOOKS LIKE IT'S BREAK IT THIS TIME!

BY A HAIR!

IMPORTANT THING IS, I'M STILL IN ONE PIECE.

BUT SINCE I LOST MY WINGS, I GOTTA FIND ME SOME WHEELS.

HEY! YOU! STOP! HALT!

HIGHWAY PATROL! OUT OF THE VEHICLE! I'M COMMANDEERING IT.

THAT'S RIGHT. YOU GOT THE IDEA, PAL.

MI–? HOGY? MIÉRT... NEM!

MAMMA MIA! QUE COSA–? CHI SIETE–

SORRY, CITIZEN. EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES...

I THINK YOU'RE IN FOR THE WHOLE RIDE NOW.

SKREEE

TARGET #129305749588 HAS ILLEGALLY OBTAINED A ROADMASTER CXL.

HE IS NOW HEADING DOWN THE ANGELA MERKEL DETOUR. CALLING MOBILE UNITS CC4 2009, DO YOU COPY?

CAN YOU INTERCEPT THE VEHICLE AT THE INTERSECTION WITH RADIAL TONY BLAIR IV?

TARGET IN DIRECT LINE OF SIGHT. ISSUING WARNINGS...

AGENT 129305749588? IN THE NAME OF THE DEPARTMENT OF CITIZENRY...

SANTA MIERDA! WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK I'M DOING?

SIGNORA, I THINK...

YOU BETTER BUCKLE UP AND FAST.

SO YOU WANNA **PLAY**, EH? I'M WARNING YOU– IT'S GONNA GET HOT!

I'VE GOT YOU THIS TIME, **ASSHOLE**!

STRONZO DI COGONE! VAI! AVANTI!

I'M ON IT, CONTESSA...

HOUSTON? WE HAVE A PROBLEM.

THIS IS DRAGONFLY 788. TARGET JUST HEADED INTO PRIORITY ZONE VLADIMIR PUTIN.

HE'S IN SIGHT OF THE MINISTRY. HE'LL BE THERE IN...

EXACTLY 37 SECONDS... 36... 35...

THIS IS INSANE! DOES THIS HAPPEN TO YOU EVERY DAY?

WAIT A MINUTE—YOU'RE NOT ACTUALLY WITH THE POLICE, ARE YOU?

ACTUALLY? WAY WORSE, CONTESSA.

YOU DON'T KNOW HOW RIGHT YOU ARE.

BUT DON'T YOU WORRY, PRINCIPESSA. WE'RE HERE.

MISERIA! MAI NOI PASSAREMO!*

*HEAVENS! WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT!

WE JUST DID.

HANDS UP! ON THE FLOOR! SETTLE DOWN! PLAY NICE!

FIRE AT WILL! WE GOT HIM! HE'S DEAD!

WHAT'S THAT, NOW?

ANYONE EVER TELL YOU NOT TO MESS WITH A WEASEL?

NO E VERO... TU-TU ALORA! *

*NO, IT'S TRUE. IT'S...

*MISTER... WILL WE MEET AGAIN

SIGNOR... CI RIVEDREMO PRONTO? *

I DON'T THINK SO.

I FEAR MY ROAD ENDS HERE. CIAO, BELLA!

I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS! THIS GUY'S GOTA REAL PAIR ON HIM!

HE'S IN 12, HEADED UP TO 66! THE DIRECTOR'S FLOOR! STOP HIM! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

HURRY! DAVAÏ! BËRZO!

CONTROL? WE'RE IN PLACE. WE'VE GOT HIM!

66

12

WATCH OUT! HE'S TRICKY. THIS TIME HE'S OURS!

12

HEY!

WHAT THE–?

GRENADE!

NOOOOO!

BULLSEYE!

HMM... LOOKS LIKE OUR DEAR DIRECTOR'S CALLED IN SOME REINFORCEMENTS.

HERE'S TO YOU, SCRAPHEAP...

YOU WANT SOMETHING DONE RIGHT... BETTER DO IT YOURSELF!

HNNGH! I DO WONDER IF I'M NOT GETTING TOO OLD FOR THIS KINDA STUFF...

NOW ALL THAT'S LEFT IS GETTING IN TO SEE MR. DIRECTOR. LUCKILY, I GOT A KEY.

WILL YA LOOK AT THAT! I DIDN'T EVEN NEED IT!

YOOHOO! ANYONE HOME?

WELCOME TO MY HOUSE, ***JUAN***. SO, YOU MADE IT. I NEVER DOUBTED YOU WOULD. YOU'RE THE BEST, YOU KNOW.

SPARE ME YOUR SPIEL, DIRECTOR. I'M TIRED, AND I DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME. BUT BEFORE WE SAY GOODBYE, I JUST WANT TO KNOW–

KNOW, KNOW, KNOW! HAVEN'T ***STERANKO*** AND ***ERWAN*** TOLD YOU ENOUGH? OH YES, I HEARD.

WHAT DID YOU THINK? THAT YOU COULD FOOL OLD O'NEIL HERE?

I HAVE EYES AND EARS EVERYWHERE, MY DEAR COLONEL.

I'M NO COLONEL ANYMORE. JUST TELL ME WHO'S GETTING RUBBED OUT, AND WHY.

WHY, WHY, WHY?

DON'T TELL ME YOU HAVEN'T GUESSED?

OUR POOR PLANET HAS OVER TWELVE BILLION INHABITANTS!

AND CENTRON MORE THAN TWO BILLION. THAT'S A LOT OF PEOPLE. A LOT OF MOUTHS TO FEED. WE TRIED EVERYTHING. UNTIL WE HIT ON IT!

MARINE FARMING IN THE BARENTS SEA! MEGATONS OF CLONED FISH RAISED IN WATERS WARMED BY CLIMATE CHANGE...

CENTRON

A MIRACLE SOLUTION–AN ENDLESS FOOD SOURCE FROM THE OCEAN DEPTHS! WE EVEN FOUND A NICE-SOUNDING NAME FOR IT. STARFISH.

DISTRIBUTED FOR A NICKEL TO THE STARVING. DON'T YOU REMEMBER? TRUE, BACK THEN, YOU WERE A GRUNT OUT IN THE DESERT...

THE PROBLEM WAS, WE FORGOT, OR PRETENDED TO FORGET SOMETHING. ALL THE FILTH WE'D DUMPED IN THE OCEAN.

STARFISH

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THE FORMER RUSSIAN EMPIRE'S NUCLEAR FLEET. TOXIC SHIPMENTS DELIBERATELY SCUTTLED. BADLY INSULATED FORMER DRILLING SITES.
A TRASH HEAP JUST BOILING OVER WITH MUTATED VIRUSES.

RESULT? THE PEOPLE WHO ATE STARFISH PRODUCTS DEVELOPED SLOW, INVISIBLE, DEADLY DISEASES.

TEN OR FIFTEEN YEARS' GESTATION PERIOD. WHAT WE NOW CALL KUNTZ SYNDROME.

WHEN WE FIRST DISCOVERED IT, IT WAS INCURABLE. TENS OF MILLIONS OF CENTRONIANS WERE AFFECTED.

WHAT SHOULD WE HAVE DONE, I ASK YOU? WHEN CENTRON'S ENTIRE POLITICAL SYSTEM WAS BASED ON HEALTH?

KÜNTZ

WHY, THIN OUT THE HERD, OF COURSE! ELIMINATE THE SICKLY! NATURE'S OLDEST LAW... FOR THE HEALTH OF THE HERD...

DISEASED ANIMALS MUST BE KILLED. SO SURE, FINE, WE RIGGED THE LOTTERY. WHAT OF IT?

IF YOUR FRIEND'S NAME CAME UP, THAT GIRL...

THEN IT MEANS SHE HAD KUNTZ. THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT, OLD BOY. SO WHY MAKE SUCH A BIG DEAL?

JOSERINE PRAAK...

SHE WAS DOOMED ANYWAY. SOONER OR LATER...

SHUT UP! SHUT YOUR FACE!

OF COURSE, MY DEAR *JUAN*. AS YOU WISH. I HAVE NOTHING ELSE TO SAY.

SO MUCH THE BETTER. BECAUSE YOU WON'T HAVE ANOTHER CHANCE TO OPEN YOUR DAMNED MOUTH...

EVER!

COME NOW, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO–

YES!

WHAT THE–?

RIGHT THEN, AS I WAS SEEING STARS AND LITTLE BIRDIES...

I REALIZED O'NEIL HAD TRICKED ME ONCE AGAIN.

WHAT DID YOU THINK?

YOU MIGHT BE THE BEST, JUAN, BUT THAT'S FAR FROM ENOUGH.

I AM NOWHERE, MY BOY.

NOWHERE, AND EVERYWHERE ALL AT ONCE.

BUT WE'VE WASTED ENOUGH TIME. I HAVE A PROPOSITION. I'LL GIVE YOU A CLEAN SLATE, AND YOU'LL START OVER.

GO FUCK YOURSELF, O'NEIL!

NOW THAT, MY BOY, IS SOMETHING I REGRET TO SAY I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO DO FOR A VERY LONG TIME NOW.

BUT SINCE YOU INSIST ON BEING DISAGREEABLE... A PITY.

YOU MAY GO. YOU NO LONGER INTEREST ME. BUT IF YOU EVER CHANGE YOUR MIND...

I DIDN'T SAY A WORD.

I HAD NOTHING TO SAY.

REALLY... I WASN'T EVEN THERE ANYMORE.

AFTER THAT... AFTER THAT, TIME WENT BY.

I GOT BACK TO MY CONAPT NO PROBLEM. WHERE I HAD A CHANCE TO THINK. WHAT ELSE WAS I SUPPOSED TO DO, RIGHT?

JOIN THE UNDERCLASS, EAT POISONED SHIT FROM CARTS?

GO UNDERGROUND AND LIVE OFF CATS AND RATS?

MIRACULOUSLY, JULES WAS BACK. HE WAS GOOD COMPANY.

RIGHT, JULES?

YOU SAID IT, BOSS!

CALL IT COWARDICE, SURE. THINK WHAT YOU WANT. I DON'T CARE. BUT ONE DAY, I MADE MY CHOICE..

CONFIRMATION LIST

NAEL YOUNES
YAMINE K
AMELE K
MONIRI NBAE
PAT CAB
LOLO BOURLAUD
STEPH ZELINA
MENANTEAU FAMILIE

55%

TRANSFERT

55%

I CALLED O'NEIL, AND TOLD HIM I WAS COMING BACK.

AND JUST LIKE THAT, I GOT ALL MY EQUIPMENT BACK.

SHLAK

THEN, SINCE I ONLY KNOW HOW TO DO ONE THING, I WENT OUT AND DID IT.

AND WHEN I WAS DONE, I CAME HOME TO MOBY...

AND *AVATAR*, OF COURSE.

BESIDES, THERE'S *JOS*. ASLEEP, WITHOUT A CARE FOR THIS SHITTY WORLD.

MOST OF THE TIME, I GO SEE HER ALONE. I TALK TO HER, I LISTEN. MOSTLY, I LISTEN.

SOMETIMES, *ACCRASSIAH* COMES WITH. I JUST KNOW JOS CAN TELL, AND IT MAKES HER HAPPY.

FUNNY, WE'RE RIGHT BACK WHERE WE WERE WHEN THIS STORY BEGAN..

ME STALKING THE STREETS AND ROOFTOPS OF CENTRON.

WATCH OUT.

I'M THE EYE YOU FEEL ON YOU FROM BEHIND, THE EAR LISTENING IN OVER YOUR SHOULDER, THE COLD HAND ON THE NAPE OF YOUR NECK.

WATCH OUT. *I'M COMING.*

NEVER FORGET... *YOU'RE ALL JUST HENS.*

AND I'M THE WEASEL IN THE HENHOUSE.

TRY TO GET SOME SLEEP TONIGHT, FOLKS.

THE